



# The Zephyrus

ASTORIA  
ORE.

1911

Xmas  
NUMBER.

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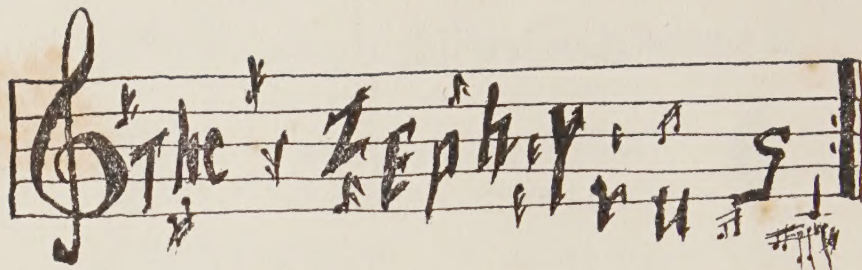
Is the most inestimable of all blessings; blindness the most woeful of all afflictions. A momentary realization of your helplessness without your eyes will aid you to a greater appreciation of their worth. As an essential, then, of a happy existence. Give your eyes the attention their importance demands.

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2nd Floor Kinney Bldg.

Over Jewel Theatre



Published by Students of the Astoria High School, Astoria, Oregon

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## EDITORIALS.

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The time has arrived when all should enter into the spirit of basketball. Each class should have its teams of girls and boys. We wish to make this year's basketball surpass that of all preceding years.

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We are pleased to see that a number of books have been added to the library. These will be a pleasure as well as a help to the students, for the new books consist not only of reference works, but of interesting reading. We hope that the students will show their appreciation by making frequent use of them.

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We each owe a duty to the High School of which we are members. We do not wholly fulfill this duty unless we do something to raise the standards of the school. Although much of this duty depends on our gaining a thorough understanding of our studies, this alone will not attain for us an equal place with others who not only excel in their studies, but who also give much of their time and energy to other lines of development. If we do not wish to play basketball, we can take a place in debate. Let us do something.

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This is the third issue of our paper since September, a fact which proves that we can get out a monthly paper. Of course, our doing so means work—work for both you and us—but who is not willing to work a little for the benefit of the paper, or rather, for the benefit of the school? The improvement which we have already made shows what we can do if we continue our efforts. When the work is divided among all the students, not much falls on any one, but, of course, there are those who always “slough.” Let each one along with his own work get after those who are continually “backing out.” One cannot realize how much good this does, both for them and for us. We would like more contributions in the line of stories.

## "BUCK FEVER."

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MILLTOWN, ME., Dec. 14, 1911.

Dear Jack: If you have not already made some arrangements to spend your Xmas vacation, I wish you could come up north, where we can get in some fine hunting. You know you have never been in the woods and I am sure you will like it. New Haven will be quite lonesome when everybody is gone. Better decide at once and let me know, so I can arrange to meet you on the eighteenth.

Let the rest of the bunch know I am still alive and in the best of health.

Your Old Room-mate,

CHARLIE HOLDEN.

Such was the contents of the letter which induced Jack Sears to pack his suitcase and arrive at the New Haven depot on the morning of December seventeenth.

Every one seemed to be leaving—some bound north, some south, others east or west; each bound for his home or the home of a friend. There was much hand-clasping, many farewell messages and snatches of college songs heard as Jack and his college friend departed on a northbound train. At almost every stop one or two of his friends left the train, until at last Jack found himself alone, meditating on the good time he was going to have when he reached his destination. There he would have his first experience with big game. His imagination fairly blazed when in his mind he heard the crack of his own gun and saw his prize drop as if by magic.

The train made fairly good time, but to Jack it seemed to travel at a snail's pace. By midnight he was quite impatient and was glad to hear the brakeman call out "Milltown." A few minutes later he had alighted on the platform and into the arms of his friend.

The Holden home was not far away and the two strode from the depot briskly, for the night was cold and nearly two inches of snow covered the ground.



"Just right for a hunt after big game," thought Jack. When they reached home Jack's appetite proved equal to the repast which the two found in the pantry. While Jack was satisfying the inner man they talked of college friends, college days, recalled old gridiron battles and jollied each other over heart afflictions; but the camp on Mr. Holden, Sr.'s timber claim was their main topic of conversation.

It was rather late or, I should say, early in the morning before the two boys got to bed, but they were soon asleep, to dream of that snow-covered log cabin in the dense north woods.

At noon the boys boarded the train to the terminal of the line, where they put up at the only hotel for the night. At daybreak they set off for their camp without a guide, because Charlie knew the country like a book and did not think a guide was necessary. The trail was long and their pack heavy, but the snow had a hard crust, which made it good traveling on snowshoes. Completely exhausted, they reached the snow-covered log shack on the banks of Cottonwood Lake about two in the afternoon. After resting sufficiently, they set about putting things to rights. Jack was elected cook, and while he was starting a fire Charlie broke a hole through the ice on the lake and succeeded in catching several speckled beauties.

When the meal was prepared they ate like starving men. When they were through, Charlie said, jokingly, that he would recommend Jack to his "dad" as a cook in one of his logging camps.

The next morning after breakfast both boys started out on snowshoes for game. Before they had gone a mile from camp they became separated. Shortly after leaving his chum Jack was startled when a deer sprang to its feet from where it had been lying on a bed of snow beneath the boughs of a small spruce. Naturally, both the boy and the deer were startled, but when the deer had gained its feet and stood staring at Jack, the young man sank to his knees, raising his rifle to his shoulder.

This was the first time Jack had ever been so close to bringing down big game, so the gun shook nervously as he took a long and careful aim. But

when it came time to pull the trigger he could not move his trigger finger. He himself could not move an eyelash. He seemed paralyzed.

For what seemed an age to Jack he poised like a statue unable to move. The buck seemed to be in exactly the same situation, for it stood as though hypnotized, staring at Jack. Suddenly a twig snapped behind Jack. The deer sprang to escape, but a shot from the brush brought him to his knees, from which position he slowly sank to his last bed of snow.

The shot had brought Jack from his trance and he sprang to his feet to see his chum step into the clearing with the smoking gun in his hands.

Within a yard from Jack, Charlie stopped, eyed his chum from head to foot, and when his chum made no reply, he broke into a hearty laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Jack, angrily, but Charlie only broke into another spell of laughing. When he did not stop laughing Jack turned around as if to start for the camp, saying: "Well, when you get through your foolishness, I wish you would let me into the joke and I'll help you with that buck. What's the joke?"

"You are," came the answer between bursts of laughter.

"Me?"

"No, you!" and Charlie again broke out laughing. Then he stopped suddenly to ask, "Why didn't you shoot that buck when you had the bead on him?" as he pointed to the silent figure of fur under the young spruce.

"Why, I couldn't. I wanted to, but I couldn't pull the trigger. I seemed in a trance."

"You bet you were in a trance. You had the fever," and Charlie tried to act soberly.

"What fever is that?"

"It's what the guides call 'buck fever.' It's seldom that a tenderfoot sees his first deer without getting the fever." Even yet Charlie could not get over the joke on his friend.

After a while Jack asked, "Say, Charlie, did that buck have the 'buck fever,' too?"

"Of course not, you dunce; he only knew you had it," and for the first time Jack's laugh was added to a laugh which echoed through those frozen northern woods.

R. A. W.



### MR. C. JULIUS CAESAR.

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Long, long time ergo, when men played war instead of football, and I don't know what instead of baseball, ther wuz er young feller by ther name of Mr. C. Julius Caesar, who had er hole lot of big ambishions. He wuz one of those ther fellers that are called Italians, only he wuzn't one er these kind that fish for salmon here on the Columbia River, by Astoria. He lived at Rome, a place way over in Italy, what I never hurd of before, but after I came to Hi Skule, Mr. Johnston, what teaches history, telled me all erbout him. But here I am way off my subject.

As I sed, this Mr. Caesar was er young Italian, or Roman, which is shorter ter say, and he wuz very extravagant. He spent money faster'n a dog could run, but I don't know ef they had dogs in them days. But jest ther same, all the other Romans liked Julius, 'cause he always treated them, an' he wuz 'n all eround sport.

Well, this Mr Caesar got elected consul, which I think is a feller what run the country in them days. When Mr. Caesar got elected consul, he went into pardners with two other fellers. After he quit or got fired from the consulship, he took kare of sum Italian property in Gaul, wich is way up in northern Italy. When he had charge of this property he formed an army, and fit



every nation that wanted to have a fight with him. He kept gaining power right along until he had all Italy under his thumb. When he wuz doing all these here things, Cassius, one of Mr. Caesar's former pardners, got killed in a battle, an' Mr. Pompey, the other one, became Mr. Caesar's deadliest enyme. This Mr. Pompey tried ter destroy Mr. Caesar's plans, but Julius got ther better of him every time. One time Mr. Pompey, who wuz a very fresh guy in my estimashion, tried to show off. He got in a fight with Mr. Caesar, but thet big personage jest cut Mr. Pompey's army all up, and Pompey himself flew the koop and went ter Egypt, where a man who wanted to be a friend of Caesar killed Mr. Pompey.

Well, after Caesar fought everybody and got 'em all under his powerful influence, things wuz ezy for him. He went around dressed up in a purple suit, and the people loved him so much thet they had his effigy, what ever kind of a thing thet wuz, stamped on all the coins, and Mark Antony, his friend, wanted ter krown him, but Julius wuz tew wize, and politely refused.

After Mr. Caesar had got threw fiting with other armies, he began to make the government stronger, and he also made the city more beautiful bi building big manshions.

As the Onerary Editor of the Zephyrus, the one what I am writing this story fer, is wanting me ter hurry up, I'll have ter finish what I begun.

As I said, Mr. Caesar wuz getting erlong nicely, and he had great plans fer the future of the Roman empire, but all this time he had sum enymes. Two fellers whose names were Mr. gains Cassius and Mr. Marcus Brutus, what wuz jellous of Mr. Caesar's popularity, planned for his death.

After these two conspirators had gotten everything reddy, the big thing came off, on the Ides of March, which is something thet I never herd of before I came ter Hi Skule, but I think Mr. Johnston sed it wuz the fifteenth day. As Mr. Caesar walked in the senate chamber, the place where the Roman senators held their mass meeting, he walked up to his seat and set down. But jest as soon as he set down all the conspirators crowded around him, and when the signal wuz given—but there, I've often wondered what kind of a signal

they gave. Wuz it one of them kind thet Malagamba gives on the football field, or wuz it jest an invizible one; I guess it wuz an invizible one. But anyhow, a hole bunch of Romans yanked out ther daggers and piled onto Mr. Caesar all ter onct. When they piled off again poor Mr. Caesar wuz deader'n a door nail, perced with twenty-three wounds. So ther you have the story of Mr. C. Julius Caesar.

W. G.



## A CHRISTMAS WITH QUEER CREATURES, OR A GIFT FROM A GHOST.

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Ned Wellman, the hero of our story, had lived all his life with his parents in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains in Northern Arkansas. The family was large, as all families were in that neighborhood, and so, at the age of eighteen, Ned, thinking that there were too many under one roof, decided to leave home. Seeing that her objections were of no avail, the mother crowded the lad's belongings into a small hand satchel and on the twenty-second of December Ned bid his father and mother, his sisters and brothers, good-bye and walked bravely out into the world, knowing nothing of the strange experiences he was soon to encounter even before he reached the city, one hundred miles distant. The first two days' travel brought nothing out of the ordinary, for along the way there lived many relatives of the Wellman family, in whose presence Ned found a cordial welcome and received many wishes of success in his new and self-supporting career.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth the young man was up early with

the work hands of the farm, where he had stayed for the night, and immediately after a six o'clock breakfast he shook hands all around and again went on his journey. The city was still some forty miles away and it was Ned's desire to travel the distance before dark, for the last twenty miles were along the railroad, and during the winter months many idle characters wandered along the track. There had already been several murders and many hold-ups just outside the city limits.

Because of the half melted snow that covered the ground, walking was very poor. Not until about one o'clock did Ned reach the treacherous part of the hundred-mile walk.

He was tired and a little worried when he stepped out on the track. A short distance back he had met a wagon and the driver told him of the two travelers that had suddenly and strangely disappeared that week.

Before going on Ned brushed the snow from the end of a tie and sat down to rest a moment. Presently he heard a train whistle. Looking in that direction, he saw the engine. He had no more time than to get out of the way when the engine went by in the direction Ned was going. How he wished he were on it! "About three hours till dark, and twenty miles to walk," he said to himself. "I must be off."

He had not walked half an hour until it began to rain. Clouds gathered overhead. "It will be dark by four o'clock, but there is nothing to do except to go on."

Hurrying as he was, Ned presently came in sight of two objects some distance ahead. He did not allow himself to think much about them, but hurried forward. Another half hour passed. He had almost forgotten he had seen anything, when suddenly he came to a sharp turn in the road and there they sat. Poor Ned's heart throbbed as it never had before. He thought of murder and hold-up all at the same time. Upon seeing Ned, they both stood up, and when the former recovered his senses he saw shivering in front of him two boys younger and more frightened than he. The three lads were soon rejoicing that there was nothing to be afraid of, and after mutual exchange of experiences



of fright, they walked together, brave as any three of Gideon's three hundred.

By this time the rain was falling fast and the slushy snow made walking very bad. Another discouraging feature was the black clouds and an occasional roll of thunder with the usual accompanying flash. If a place to stay over night could be found they would go no farther. While thus talking one of the boys, looking off to one side, saw a small cabin with smoke rising from an old rusty stovepipe that stuck a few inches out of the roof. Before they got to the house they saw a barn, and this increased their confidence in securing shelter from the storm. Ned knocked at the cabin door. It was soon opened and the sight revealed was by no means ordinary. There was but one room, none too much space for the man, wife and two small children, and in the barn without a loft were crowded the animals from the pasture. As the travelers turned to walk away the man called to them:

"About a half mile up the track I have a fine large house well furnished, and you boys are welcome to stay there if you think you can." "If we think we can?" repeated Ned. "What do you mean?" "I do not know," answered the man, "but here is the key. All I ask is that you return it before going away." Thanking the kind stranger, Ned took the key, and with his two young companions hurried through the storm. The door was easily unlocked and the happy lads went in. The first thing they noticed was a fireplace with a pile of dry wood beside it. On the mantel lay several matches, and with some old papers the boys soon started a fire. Wet shoes and coats were taken off and hung to dry. After making themselves comfortable one of the lads suggested that they all go on an exploring tour and see what the rest of the house looked like. They had no light, so a place to sleep must be found before it became dark. Upstairs were two well furnished bedrooms, but everything was out of order. A third room was so badly arranged that it looked more like a storage, smelled musty from having been closed several weeks, so the new occupants opened the windows. Downstairs again and out into the kitchen they went. What attracted attention was a partly open door leading down into a cellar that was dark and from which arose an odor of old sacks and

potatoes and rags and spider webs. As the three boys returned to the front room and sat down in front of the fire, the youngest lad asked: "What did the man mean by saying 'we are welcome to stay here if we can'?" "That is what I have been wondering ever since we got here," said the other. "There is something strange about the looks and the smell and the—." "Oh, well," interrupted Ned, "we are here, so let's not bother about the looks or the smell or anything else unless we have to." "There is something queer about the atmosphere of the place, so I guess before morning we'll all know what the man meant."

(Concluded in the January Issue.)



## THE CONVICT'S CHRISTMAS.

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It was just the day before Christmas, when John Smith, convicted of robbing the bank in O——, was set free after his long term of ten years had expired.

He was tall and heavy-built, with long, shaggy eyebrows and a sneer. If it had not been for the last named feature, he would have been handsome.

When he entered the open air he braced up as if he really felt he was a free man again, and the warden, who was watching him, said to the jail-keeper who stood at his side, "That man will make good."

The convict made his way to the next town by foot, arriving there before nightfall. He was wandering up and down the streets, feeling very weary and very much alone in the world, when he heard a child crying. Making his way as quickly as possible to the place from whence the sound came, he found a

small child about four years of age and very well dressed, lying on the walk with a broken leg. "There, don't cry," said the convict. "I'll take you home." The child still cried "for her mama," and it was not until the convict had petted and soothed her with the promises of "seeing mama" and "getting some candy" that he could get her name. She said it was Betsy, but that she didn't know her last name except that she was "papa's and mama's darling."

The convict carried the child to the nearest doctor, who, recognizing her as the daughter of one of his friends, asked for an explanation, which was given. The doctor then rang up the child's parents, who were almost distracted over the disappearance of their only child, and assured them that their daughter, though suffering from a broken leg, was not harmed in any other way. While the doctor had been phoning, the convict had slipped quickly from the room after kissing the sleeping child, and when the doctor returned to his patient he was surprised to find her alone. He was disappointed because the convict had left, for he felt certain that his friend would wish to reward the child's rescuer in a suitable manner.

Meanwhile the convict was making his way from place to place in search of work, but did not succeed in finding it.

At last, thoroughly disheartened, he sat on a step to rest and was soon fast asleep. How long he slept he knew not, but when he awoke he found himself in a large office surrounded by a number of men. For a long time he lay there, thinking about the blue-eyed, golden-haired girl whom he had rescued, for the street on which he had found the child was desolate, very few passing that way. A gray-haired, kind-voiced man, whom he recognized as the doctor to whom he had carried Betsy, came up to him and, seeing that he was awake, said, "How are you feelinig?"

"Very drowsy. I feel as if I could sleep forever," replied the convict.

"Well," said the doctor, taking a bowl from a nurse who had entered the room, "eat this and then we shall see what we can do."

The convict certainly did justice to the repast, after which he closed his eyes and was dropping off to sleep, when he heard some one say, "His face



seems familiar, somehow."

A second voice said, "Yes, it does. Ever since I laid my eyes on him I have had a vague feeling that sometime or other I've seen him."

The doctor replied, "Maybe so, maybe so; one meets more people in a day than they can remember in a year."

"Ah," said a cheery voice from the doorway, "what is the trouble, men?" And in came James Law, the eminent lawyer and father of Betsy.

The doctor told him of the man whom they had picked up, and leading the lawyer over to the couch, said, "My two friends here have an idea that they have seen him before."

The lawyer took a look at the face of the now sleeping man and uttered a sharp exclamation.

The doctor in rather an excited voice said, "Do you know him?"

Just then the words, "Don't cry, baby; I'll find your mama," were uttered by the sleeping man.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the doctor, taking a good look at the convict. "Why, he is the man who brought your child here and then disappeared."

"The man who found my baby?" replied the lawyer. "Why, you must be mistaken. This man is a convict. He was sentenced for robbing the bank. He found my child? Impossible."

"Impossible or not, I swear he was the man who carried your Betsy into my office, and, James Law, if you do not treat that man 'white' you are not on my list of friends," answered the doctor.

"Now, doctor, look here, you get these men out of your office so that I can talk with you."

When the men had departed, James Law asked, "Is that man able to be moved?"

"Yes," said the doctor, wondering what was now in the lawyer's mind, but daring not to voice such a question for fear the lawyer would change his mind. "The only thing the matter with him was that he was worn out and starved."

"Well," replied the lawyer, "I shall take him home with me as soon as he awakes. I have some work for him to do."

For two hours the convict slept on, and it was only when the phone bell rang that he awoke. He got up from the couch and said to the doctor: "Doctor, I thank you for your kindness to me. I shall never—no, never forget it."

He then started for the door. "Now, don't be in a hurry," said the doctor. "I have something to propose to you. Where do you work?"

"I have no work," replied the convict.

"Well, that's too bad," said the doctor. "I have a friend who needs a man as overseer. How would you like to work for the man whose little daughter you found?"

"Like it!" exclaimed the convict, "like it! Why man alive, I'd——" He then stopped.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor.

"I can't accept the place. I'm just from the 'pen.' They'll not want me around. Me, who was accused of robbing the bank? No, never!" exclaimed the convict.

"Did you do it?" asked the doctor, who had listened intently as the convict had spoken.

"No, that I never did, but they said I did and they convicted me, and I guess no one would want me around," replied the convict.

"You have every chance," said the doctor, "if you'll only make use of it. The just thing to do is to hold up your head and face the world. Here is my friend," continued the doctor, as the lawyer entered from the next room; "Mr. Law, this is Mr.——" the good doctor stopped.

"Smith," said the convict.

"Mr. Smith, who saved your daughter's life," said the doctor.

"My wife and I are greatly indebted to you," said the lawyer. "If you had not found our baby—why, she might have"—the lawyer's voice broke, he could say no more.

The convict, greatly embarrassed, said, "It was nothing more than any

other man would do."

Arrangements were then made and it was decided that John Smith, as the convict was now to be called, should accompany the lawyer home. The meeting between Betsy and her rescuer was quite amazing. She did not want him out of her sight, so great a liking she had taken to the convict.

The convict was given a room in the garage. About midnight he was awakened by a voice and the smell of burning wood. After hurriedly dressing, he made his way down the stairs and out upon the lawn, where he saw the house in flames.

"Mama, save me!" cried a voice. It was Betsy's. The convict stopped for one moment, then ran up the stairs of the burning house to the room from whence the cry came. The child was not hurt, but badly frightened when taken into the open air, but the convict had been badly burned.

John Smith was carried into the next house and his wounds attended to. The next day, Christmas day, was the happiest which he had spent for many a year.

All day long Betsy stayed with him. The love and gratitude of the child and the expressions of appreciation from the parents and their friends more than repaid him for his injury.

John Smith "made good," as the warden had said he would do.

E. L., '12.



Miss H.—"Do you know why the points of our table knives are round?"

W. E.—"So they won't stick our throats when we shove them in."



Mr. J. (in History I)—"What do you know about Mt. Olympus?"

Freshie—"I don't know nothin' about it."

Mr. J.—"Who teaches you English?"

Freshie—"Miss Woodward tries to."



## "JIMMIE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT."

---

Jimmie was the sauciest boy in the village. He sauced his mother, his father and his teacher. No one knew what to do with him, because of his sharp tongue.

One day just before Christmas, as he was leaving school, he met a little, fat, jolly-looking man, who had long white whiskers. "Santa Claus, I'll bet," said Jimmie to himself. "Well, who cares for him? I don't."

The old man smiled at Jim and said, "Hello, son; what's your name?"

"Putan Tame, ask me again and I'll tell you the same," answered Jimmie.

"Where do you live?" asked the old man.

"None of your beeswax," was the reply.

"Well, well," said the old man; "you should have a pair of scissors hung around your neck, and also a sign saying, 'Jimmie is a saucy boy.' Ask him what the scissors are for, and you, Jimmie, should tell every one that asked you that your saucy tongue should be cut with them,"

"Don't you worry," said Jimmie, "there's no danger of my getting that for Christmas. I'll get what I want, an air gun and torpedo boat and——" Jimmie came to a sudden pause—the old man was gone. Jimmie was sure he saw him "hike" around the corner.

Christmas morning Jimmie arose early and ran downstairs. His mother and father were waiting for him and said, "Jimmie, your presents are on the table." Jimmie ran to get his presents, and found a pair of scissors and a sign written just as the old man had said it should be. With these was a note:

"Jimmie: You are to wear this sign and the scissors all day around your neck. The first time you "sass" any one, you are to stand on the porch five minutes, the next time ten minutes, each time increasing five minutes. I hope your Christmas present will make you be a better boy so that next Christmas I

can bring you everything you want. Be a good boy.

"SANTA CLAUS."

Three times Jimmie had to stand on the porch that day. He does not get saucy any more, because he knows his mother will bring out the sign and scissors, and he would not like that.

E. O.—A Freshman.



## JUST NONSENSE.

The night was dark and stormy,  
The sun was shining bright;  
The rain was falling from above,  
The moon was at our right.  
The snow came down in torrents,  
The heat was so intense  
That when the oxen chewed their cud  
The atmosphere was dense.

## II.

The noble steeds paced 'round the course;  
The visitors wiped their feet.  
The heralds were announcing  
Go to Butcher's for your meat.  
The coffee soaked the doughnut,  
The puppy licked the son;  
The canons shelled the peanut,  
And Moore made a long end run.

—Somewhat Muddled.

## A FIRST TERM FRESHIE'S CHRISTMAS.

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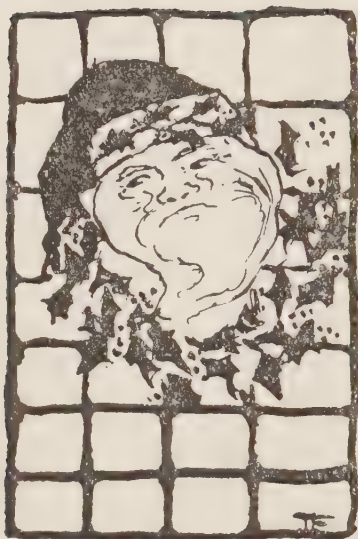
Once there was a freshie,  
A simple, guileless thing,  
He wasn't afraid of sophomore boys,  
Or of the senior girlie's sting.  
"He's a cheeky little brat,"  
This was heard o'er and o'er,  
As he paraded in the halls  
Or stamped across the floor.  
He wore little knickerbockers  
And a rakish pompadour.  
When Miss Badollet would glare at him,  
He didn't quail a bit;  
He stamped all the harder in her room,  
Where sometimes he had to sit.  
He told another little freshie  
Who had red hair  
And whose name was J——,  
What for Christmas he expected,  
She told me, but quite neglected  
To tell me not to tell,  
So that is the way I know so well.  
He wanted long pants (rolled up short),  
Bright neckties, high-toed shoes, purple socks,  
And other things that make the sport;  
But when Christmas came around,  
Guess what he in his stocking found—  
A nipple, a doll, and some more short pants,  
A rocking horse, and a tea set, too,  
And some paper dolls with eyes of blue,  
And a little book that told about  
The Sophs that get freshies if they don't watch out.

J. D. G., '14.



## SCHOOL NOTES.

---



A play, "The Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date," was presented at the Astoria Theatre on November 30th, for the purpose of obtaining money to meet various back expenses of the past football season, and also to swell our athletic fund. Despite the short time in which to prepare, the caste, under the able directions of Miss Woodward, was able to stage it with a great deal of satisfaction to those in attendance. Early in the evening it was thought that the play would have to be postponed

to some later date, because of injuries sustained by one of the characters in the Thanksgiving football game; but thanks to the willingness of Mr. Cawfield, one of the players on the Oregon City team, to take the part, the play was presented as scheduled. Mr. Cawfield had played the character some time before and although it was necessary for him to read his part, he performed it with credit.

The large crowd in attendance showed that the citizens of Astoria had a great deal of interest in the event. This interest was no doubt due to the advertising that resulted from the efforts put forth by the students in their endeavors to sell tickets given to them for that purpose.

The Juniors will hold a pennant sale sometime in the near future. Although the date for the sale has not yet been set, the class is working hard to fill the orders that have already been given them for pennants. The other students have responded with a will to the call of the Juniors, and from present

indications a neat little sum of money will be realized for carrying on the various social functions that fall to the Juniors to manage.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Howard Elliot, president of the Northern Pacific Railway, a valuable addition has been made to the books of the school library. He has presented us with a copy of the "Railway Library of 1910," which can be used as a reference for any matters pertaining to current railway questions. The book contains much valuable information and every student is urged to use it freely.

Many other books of fiction, history and science, containing much information have been placed on the shelves in the library, among which are the following:

- 3299 Self Help—Smiles.
- 3300 Old Greek Stories.
- 3301 Half Hours with the Stars.
- 3302 Astronomy with an Opera Glass.
- 3303 Introduction to Physical Geography.
- 3304 California Plants.
- 3305 Field Book of American Wild Flowers.
- 3306 Insect Life.
- 3307 Common Spiders.
- 3308 The Story Life in the Seas.
- 3309 Nature's Garden.
- 3310 The Butterfly Book.
- 3311 The American Natural History.
- 3312 The Insect Book.
- 3313 American Food and Game Fishers.
- 3314 Animal Studies.
- 3315 American Animals.
- 3316 Life Histories of American Insects.
- 3317 The Human Body.
- 3318 A First Book of Business Methods.
- 3319 Ivanhoe.
- 3320 The Shakespeare Story Book.
- 3321 Behind the Line.

- 3322 Captain of the Crew.
- 3323 The Half-Back.
- 3324 A Young Macedonian.
- 3325 New Pieces that will Take Prizes, etc.
- 3326 Handbook of Best Readings.
- 3327 The School Speaker and Reader.
- 3328 Masterpieces of American Literature.
- 3329 Masterpieces of British Literature.
- 3330 Elementary Commercial Geography.
- 3331 Geography of Commerce and Industry.
- 3332 Boys' Book of Famous Rulers.
- 3333 Greek Lives from Plutarch.
- 3334 Stories from Plutarch.
- 3335 In the Days of Queen Elizabeth.
- 3336 Stories of Ancient Peoples.
- 3337 Brave Little Holland.
- 3338 The Story of the English.
- 3339 The Story of the Greeks.
- 3340 The Story of the Romans.
- 3341 Famous Men of Greece.
- 3342 Famous Men of the Middle Ages.
- 3343 Men of Old Greece.
- 3344 The City of the Seven Hills.
- 3345 The Story of the Middle Ages.
- 3346 Tales from Herodotus.
- 3347 Maria Theresa.
- 3348 Frederick the Great.
- 3349 England's Story.
- 3350 Stories from English History.
- 3351 The Fur Traders of the Columbia River.
- 3352 The Oregon Trail.
- 3353 The Story of Oregon and Its People.
- 3359 The Railway Library.



## SOCIETIES.

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### WAUREGAN NOTES.



The Wauregan Society met in Mr. Merrick's room Wednesday, November 29, 1911. Upon motion, the society accepted Mr. Wootton's two songs for the Wauregan Society.

The program was a very pleasant and appropriate one. Among the numbers on the program was a debate, "Resolved, that school holidays should be abolished." Two of the judges voted for the negative and one for the affirmative.

Upon motion the meeting was adjourned at 3 p. m.

---

### ALFREDIAN NOTES.

The Alfredian Society held its third meeting of the year on Wednesday, November 29. The program was of a Thanksgiving character, with papers and recitations on that subject, an amusing dialogue was given by Dorothy Epping and Leola Ball. Several visitors were present and at the request of the president, Rev. Mr. Rosenmuller addressed the members of the society.

---

### ADELPHIAN NOTES.

The Adelphians held their third meeting of this year on November 29. Although this was the Thanksgiving meeting and a greater part of the program was devoted to that subject, very interesting selections were given from Mark Twain.



# CLASSES

---

## SENIOR NOTES.

The Senior class will show its spirit by having a good basketball team for both the boys and the girls this term. The Senior boys have taken a very active part in the football team and have thus shown by their skill in the game what the Senior class can do at large.

One of the Senior boys, William Wootton, was hurt in the game with Oregon City, but is reported as recovering very rapidly.

---

## JUNIOR NOTES.

One of the several important matters taken up in our last meeting, that of basket ball was settled by choosing captains and managers for both the girls' and the boys' teams. The class expects to make a showing in basket ball this season, for it has excellent material for a team of boys as well as of girls.

---

## SOPHOMORE NOTES.

At the Sophomore meeting held for the election of tennis officers, Donald Roberts was elected manager of the boys' team, and of the girls', Dea Imel. The game of doubles played between the Freshmen and Sophomore boys was won by the latter with a score twelve to four games. The girls' team of the class was represented by Julia Dalgren, Georgiana Garner and Dea Imel.

The election for basket ball officers was held Monday, December 4. The manager of the girls' team is Ethel Rich and the captain, Jennie Bangsund.

The manager of the boys' team is Arthur Fertig, and the captain, Timon Torkelson.

The class colors were changed from old rose and olive green to green and gold.

---

### FRESHMAN NOTES.

A meeting was called December 5th for the election of captains and managers for both basket ball teams. The following were elected: Boys' captain, Robert Malarkey; boys' manager, De Witt Gilbert; girls' captain, Nellie Larsen; girls' manager, Rose O'Farrell.

---

### ATHLETICS.

---

#### FOOTBALL.

#### OREGON CITY H. S. vs. ASTORIA H. S.



On Thanksgiving Day the Oregon City football team came here to play the Astoria High. The day was fine and a record-breaking crowd attended. Oregon City won the toss and chose to defend the south goal.

Astoria kicked to Oregon City's five-yard line, from where they returned the ball fifteen yards before being downed. The visitors then began an attack on the center of our line, which proved very successful for a short time. At this time Wootton, our right half, was disabled and carried from the field. McConnon took his place and the game proceeded. With the ball on our twenty-

five-yard line, Oregon City was held for downs. Astoria's left half, Malarkey, was sent across tackle for a gain of ten yards; on the next Moore made six yards more through center; on the next McConnon broke loose for fifteen yards more; on the next play, a forward pass by Moore to Wilson, Astoria made fifteen yards more, and then with the ball on the visitors' twenty-yard line we were held for downs. Oregon City punted out of danger. After some more line plunging and end runs, the ball was on the visitors' fifteen-yard line, and an unlucky fumble gave Oregon City the ball. On their first play our center, Larsen, broke through and nailed the runner for a loss of six yards. Oregon City then punted. After a few more plays the first quarter ended with the ball in our possession on our forty-five-yard line.

In the second quarter a cross tackle buck by our right half netted us seven yards, on the next Moore made five more through center, and on the next Malagamba went around end for fifteen yards. Malarkey was next sent around and for a gain of ten yards. On the next play a perfect forward pass by Moore to Wilson, Astoria scored. Larsen kicked goal. The score, 6 to 0 in favor of Astoria. Oregon City kicked to Astoria, who by a series of ends and forward passes rushed the ball to the visitors' six-yard line. Oregon City then held Astoria for downs and punted out of danger. Again Astoria, by end runs and forward passes, brought the ball to Oregon City's six-yard line. On the next play Malarkey went through for a touchdown on a straight line buck. McConnon kicked goal and the score stood 12 to 0 in favor of Astoria. Oregon City then kicked to Astoria, their right half receiving ball and bringing it back to our forty-yard line. Malarkey then pulled off a run of twenty-five yards around end; on the next, an end play, Fertig made seven more. The whistle then blew for the end of the first half.

In the third quarter Astoria kicked to Oregon City. Their quarterback received the ball and made a run of twenty yards before being brought to earth. On the next play they gained ten yards more, but they fumbled the ball, and Torkelson, the "always ready," fell on it. Astoria tried a forward pass to one right end, but it was blocked. A triple pass netted twenty yards for Astoria, the ball being carried by Malarkey. Line plunging and end runs

brought the ball to the visitors' four-yard line. Malarkey went over the line with the ball under his arm for another touchdown. The attempt at goal failed. Oregon City kicked to Astoria, and after a series of line bucks, the whistle blew for the end of the quarter, the score standing 17 to 0 in favor of the wearers of Purple of Gold.

The fourth quarter was a struggle with the favor first on one side and then on the other. A great deal of punting was done in this quarter, with the odds in favor of Moore. The forty-five-yard run made in this quarter by Oregon City's quarterback was the most spectacular run of the day. The quarter ended with the score remaining the same, 17 to 0 in favor of Astoria.

Those who starred for Astoria in the front line were Torkelson, Wilson, and Larsen, while those in the back line were Malagamba and Malarkey.

The lineup for Astoria was: Fertig, R. E.; Torkelson, R. F.; Backlund, R. G.; Larsen, C.; Malagamba, Q. B. (Capt.); Malarkey, L. H. B.; Moore, F. B.; Wootton, R. H. B.; Matson, L. G.; Anderson, L. F.; Wilson, L. E.



#### CLATSKANIE H. S. VS. SECOND TEAM OF A. H. S.

On the 25th of November the second team traveled to Clatskanie and beat the Clatskanie H. S. team 9 to 0. Although Astoria was out-weighted, she proved much faster than her opponents and consequently had the best of her rival through all stages of the game. Wilson pulled off some pretty end runs and also showed up when it came to receiving forward passes. Moberg, Astoria's featherweight quarterback, played a good game, being fearless in his tackling. Peschl, the captain, made the only touchdown during the game, the rest of the scores being made by throwing Clatskanie back across her line twice for two touch-backs.



#### BASKETBALL.

As the football team has disbanded, the boys are hard at work with bas-



ketball. With the material that is out now, we expect to have a championship team. The various classes have organized teams, and promise an interesting schedule in the near future. Mr. Merrick is coaching the boys, while Miss Woodward is doing the same for the girls.



## Exchanges



The Press: Your paper is well arranged and the stories are very interesting.

The Hesperian: The student body have a paper to be proud of.

The Cardinal's October number is very good. The cover of your paper is one of its special attractions. A few more original jokes would improve that department.

The football number of The Totem contains many interesting items.

The Tahoma's Thanksgiving number is one of our best exchanges.

The Voice: We are pleased to have you on our exchange list again.

The Norm's Thanksgiving number is very good and we welcome it as the successor of The Courier.

The High School: Your paper shows a marked improvement.

We are always pleased to receive the O. A. C. Barometer and the Oregon Emerald, because of the interest our students take in reading them.

## A. H. S. CALENDAR.

---



Nov. 1.—Wallace gets to school on time, but nobody knows it.

Nov. 2.—The earth turns over.

Nov. 3.—Fire drill. The freshies win the 440. Societies meet.

Nov. 6.—A peevish senior spilled her milk.

Nov. 7.—How that senior English class does slip away

Nov. 8.—Rain, hail and plenty of snow. None of the seniors ever saw snow before.

Nov. 9.—Rogers announces the football team. More hail.

Nov. 10.—The football team makes more of a crush on the Portland girls than on the H. M. A. boys.

Nov. 13.—Let us gaze at the art gallery of noble football men as they appear. Tell them it is all right.

Nov. 14.—Exhibition. They walk, talk and act like human beings. What are they?

Nov. 15.—Reports. More spirits.

Nov. 16.—No physics. Why couldn't it have been recitation day?

Nov. 17.—The seniors are forced to sign the pledge.

Nov. 20.—The senior art study appears late.

Nov. 21.—More tables in the lunch room. Ella says she has her history lesson.

Nov. 22.—Miss Hulse turns "Farmer in the Dell" and nobody chooses.

Nov. 23.—Two history locomotives bump, the lesser force beats it.

Nov. 24.—Lunch pupils have a tea shower.

Nov. 27.—All brain matter frozen.

Nov. 28.—Test in physics and chemistry the same day.

Nov. 29.—The three societies see who can make the most noise for the benefit of the Thanksgiving visitors.

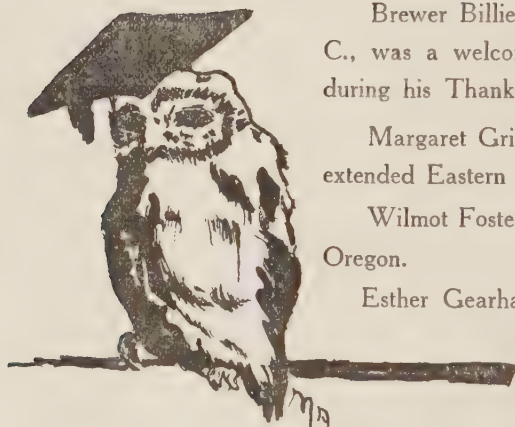
Nov. 30.—Thanksgiving game, in which President Bill got his dome smashed from a forward pass on each side of the head. Be thankful. He still talks.

Dec. 4.—Oh, sighs! These empty seats all tell a sad story.

Dec. 5.—The fall of John Crockett's pompadour. Nobody injured. Mr. Stone discovers that Wallace is paying a certain senior girl's bills.



### ALUMNI NOTES.



Brewer Billie, '11, now a student at O. A. C., was a welcome visitor at the High School during his Thanksgiving vacation.

Margaret Griffin, '11, has returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Wilmot Foster, '11, recently went to Eastern Oregon.

Esther Gearhart, '07, is teaching school at Vesper, Ore.

Grace Kennedy, '11, spent Thanksgiving with Margaret Griffin.

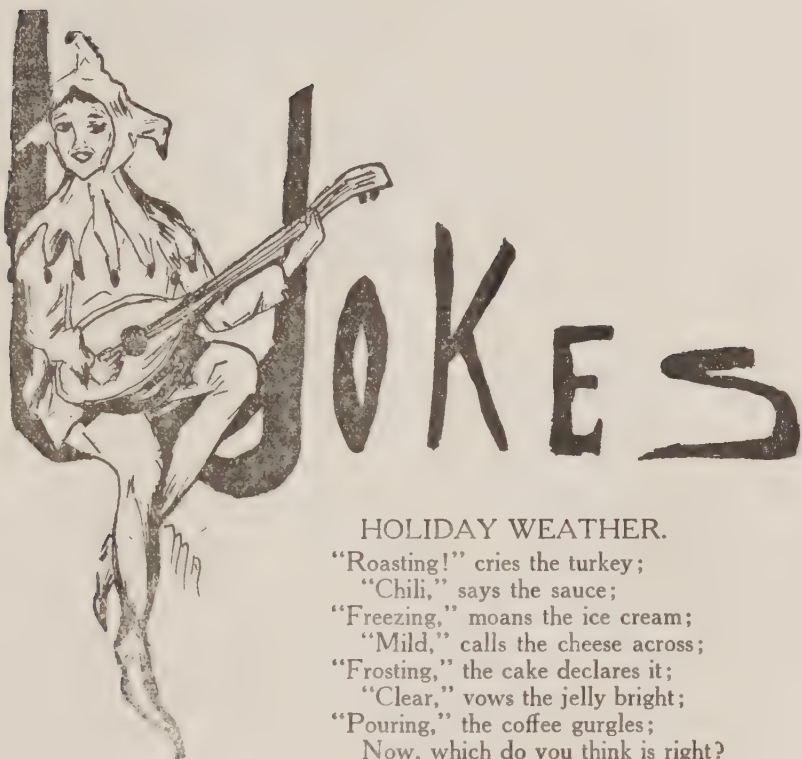
Frank Parker, '06, who occupies a position with the General Electric Company of Seattle, was a recent visitor to this city.

Violet Lockhard, '11, is attending the State Normal School of California.

Lennah Parker, '11, is taking a course in a nurses' training school at Seattle.

Richard Wilson, '11, is taking post-graduate work at the High School.

Madge Fulton, '08, spent Thanksgiving with her parents.



#### HOLIDAY WEATHER.

"Roasting!" cries the turkey;

"Chili," says the sauce;

"Freezing," moans the ice cream;

"Mild," calls the cheese across;

"Frosting," the cake declares it;

"Clear," vows the jelly bright;

"Pouring," the coffee gurgles;

Now, which do you think is right?

—Ex.

---

Heard on a rainy day:

Arthur Fertig—"This is the kind of a day to commit suicide."

De W. G.—"How? Just stand outside and drown?"

---

Mr. J. (having been annoyed by a certain pupil in his room)—"I wish I could be your father for just one week. I would rid you of your naughtiness."

"Very well, I will speak to mother promptly," replied the pupil.

—Ex.



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Mr. Stone (speaking of fire drill)—“The seniors and juniors go out first.”  
Leola—“Yes, the freshmen are too green to burn easily.”

---

M. B.—“You are lazy.”

R. M.—“What?”

M. B.—“Said that you were not industrious.”

R. M.—“You are dead wrong.”

M. B.—“Why so?”

R. M.—“Don’t I keep all the girls busy waiting on me?”

---

Miss B.—“John, get off that desk. Have you no conveniences in your home?”

---

The drinking fountain has run dry. The Latin teacher took a drink after hearing the Virgil class recite.

---

Russell—“I am so glad that I’m taking German. Now I can say ‘damit’ and ‘hell.’”

---

Mr. C.—“Lum, why do ants go up a tree?”

Lum C.—“For exercise.”

Mr. C.—“Maybe that is why your a(u)nts do it, but not these.”

---

“Mike” Mattson (in a doubtful condition on the way back from Portland handing Larsen an empty bannana peel)—“Your ’peal is fruitless.”



**"Well, I've solved the question as to what to give the Men Folks, anyhow."**



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Popcorn from

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Leola (studying physiology)—“Gee, this is a lungy proposition.”

---

G. Garner—“What did you think of that test?”

De W. G.—“Think! that’s just the trouble; I didn’t think enough.”

---



Object—Illustrate chemical affinity.

Apparatus—A bottle.

Manipulation—Inverted bottle.

Result—Drunk.

Formula—Rye.

Conclusion—Never again.

---

A senior always has a book  
Full of things he doesn’t know;  
He takes it to a test to look  
For things he doesn’t know.

---

First Fresh: “Did you know Constance was sitting on Bob’s overcoat about 11 P. M. the other night?”

Second Fresh: “No, where was the overcoat?”

First Fresh: “On Bob.”

---

L. McG. (after W. W. had finished reading)—“Miss Hulse, it is very warm in here.”

Miss Hulse—“It isn’t on account of the heat that you feel oppressed.”





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Mr. C. (in physiology)—“What is the source of blushes?”

L. B.—“The heart.”

---

Why is Miss H. like a magnet? Because when she turns her back to the class all heads turn around; when she faces the class all face her.

---

Teacher (of English class)—“Johnny, please give the plural of tomato.”

Johnny (promptly)—“Ketchup.”

---

Skee (just before a Latin test)—“In time of peace prepare for war.” He begins to copy the conjugations on a slip of paper.

---

A coiffeur calendar:

Mon.—Mignon wore her hair in Billy Burke curls.

Tues.—In a Psyche knot.

Wed.—In two little curls on the back of her neck.

Thurs.—In three doughnuts.

Fri.—In a long curl fastened with a barrette.

---

Dear Mr. Stone: Please excuse Johnny's absence from school yesterday, as he fell in the mud. You will oblige his mother by doing same.

MR. C.

---

Miss W. (in Deutsch)—“Oh, that's all wrong, the transposition, inversion, and you have an adverb for a conjunction.”

W. E. (with pride)—“But, Miss Woodward, just look at the writing.”

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When Johnny Crockett had on a new pair of sox: "I just can't refrain from pulling up my pants."

---



A chandelier,  
A mistletoe,  
A lover near,  
A maid below,  
A kiss or so—

And that is Christmas, don't you know?

—Ex.

---

Mr. Stone (sniffing)—"I smell peppermint."

Senior—"Oh, I was just demonstrating molecular motion."

---

Miss H.—"Infinite cannot be compared. It runs out so far that it cannot be more infinite."

---

Miss H. (looking at John C., in English)—"And there's Bantam."

---

D. E.: "I am writing a bear story for the Zephyrus."

Miss H.: "I am sure it is nice and spicy."

D. E.: "Yes, it's about a cinnamon bear."

---

Formula for working chemistry problems:

Think of a number, subtract your age, add 5, divide by 3, multiply by twice your friend's age, and you will be as near the answer as you will ever be.

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Miss H. (explaining Eng. V)—“You know everybody talks love in this period.”

---

Did you ever see—Sherman M. sit still and tend to his own affairs?  
Did you ever hear—Hilma Lindberg laugh? Constance whisper?

---



D. E.—“George, you must not put your hand on your stomach when you make love—your heart isn’t there.”

G. McC.—“Yes, it is—I swallowed it before I began.”

---

C. F. to M. B.—“Say, Barry, do you know anything funny about Bob M.?”

M. B.—“Nothing except his face.”

---

Why is William Ipark like the Liberty Bell?  
Ans.—Because he’s cracked.

---

Can February March?  
No, but April May.

---

—Ex.

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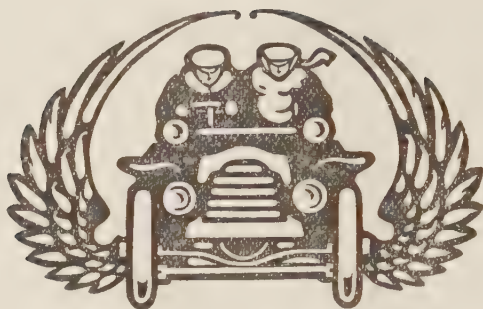
What classic does George McConnon and Henry Jeldness remind one of?  
Ans: “Venus and Adonis.”

---

Lum C. (in Botany Test): “What shall we write for the first question?”

C. H. Carlson

E. A. Fisher



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Merry Christmas

and a  
Happy New Year



THE festal bird may be a Christmas sacrifice; he fits the occasion well. The festal partaker of him ought to be sure of fitting as well; and if you're in any doubt about yourself just drop in here today and let us show how we can make you ready.

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clothes; the best in the world; the  
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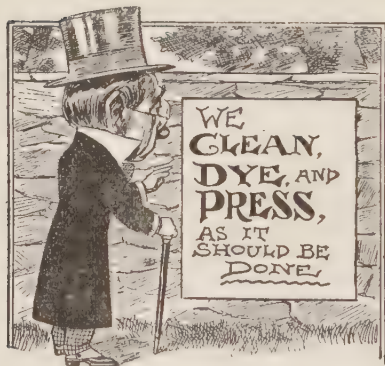
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This store is the home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

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A trial will con-  
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Prices on all goods cut  
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